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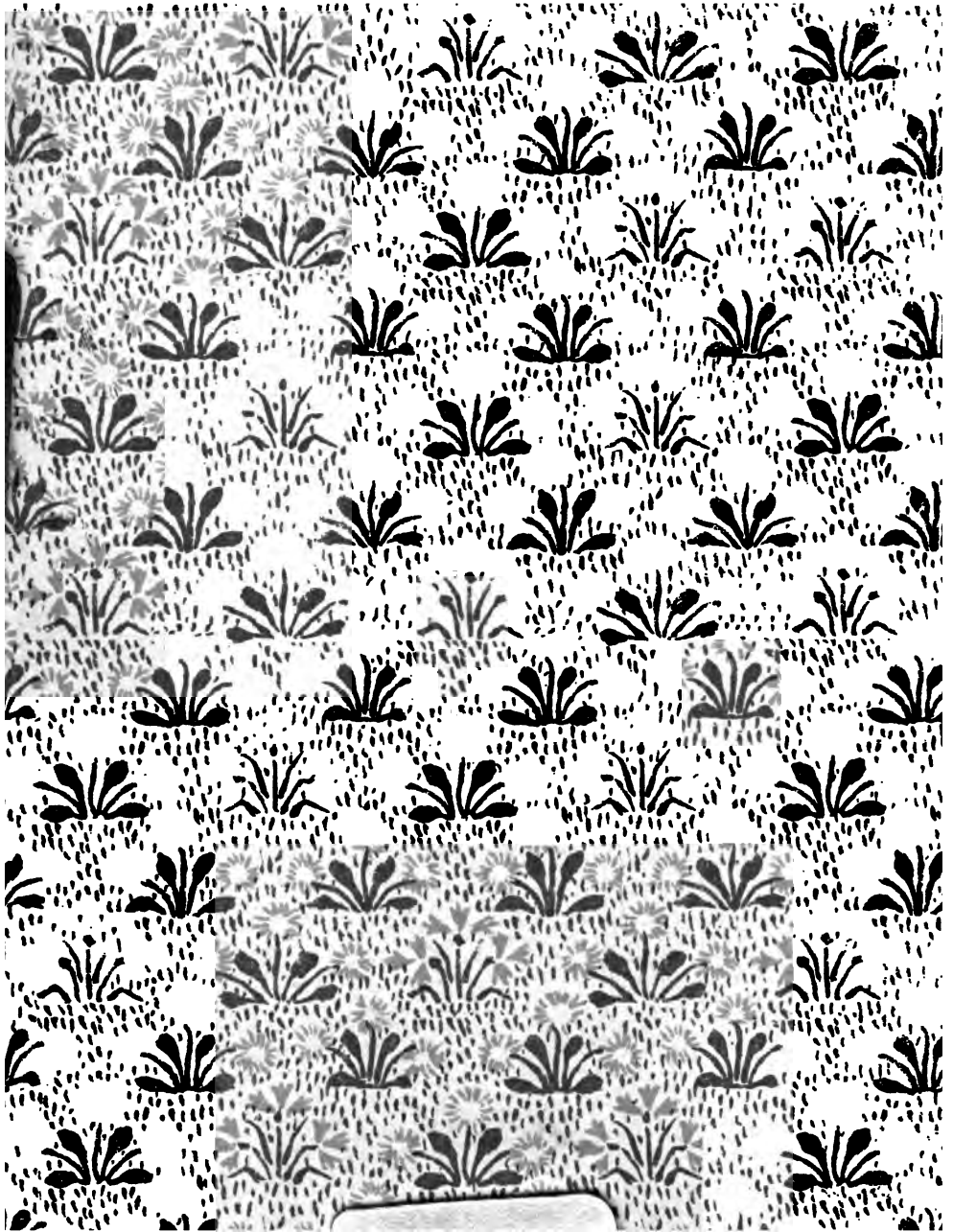
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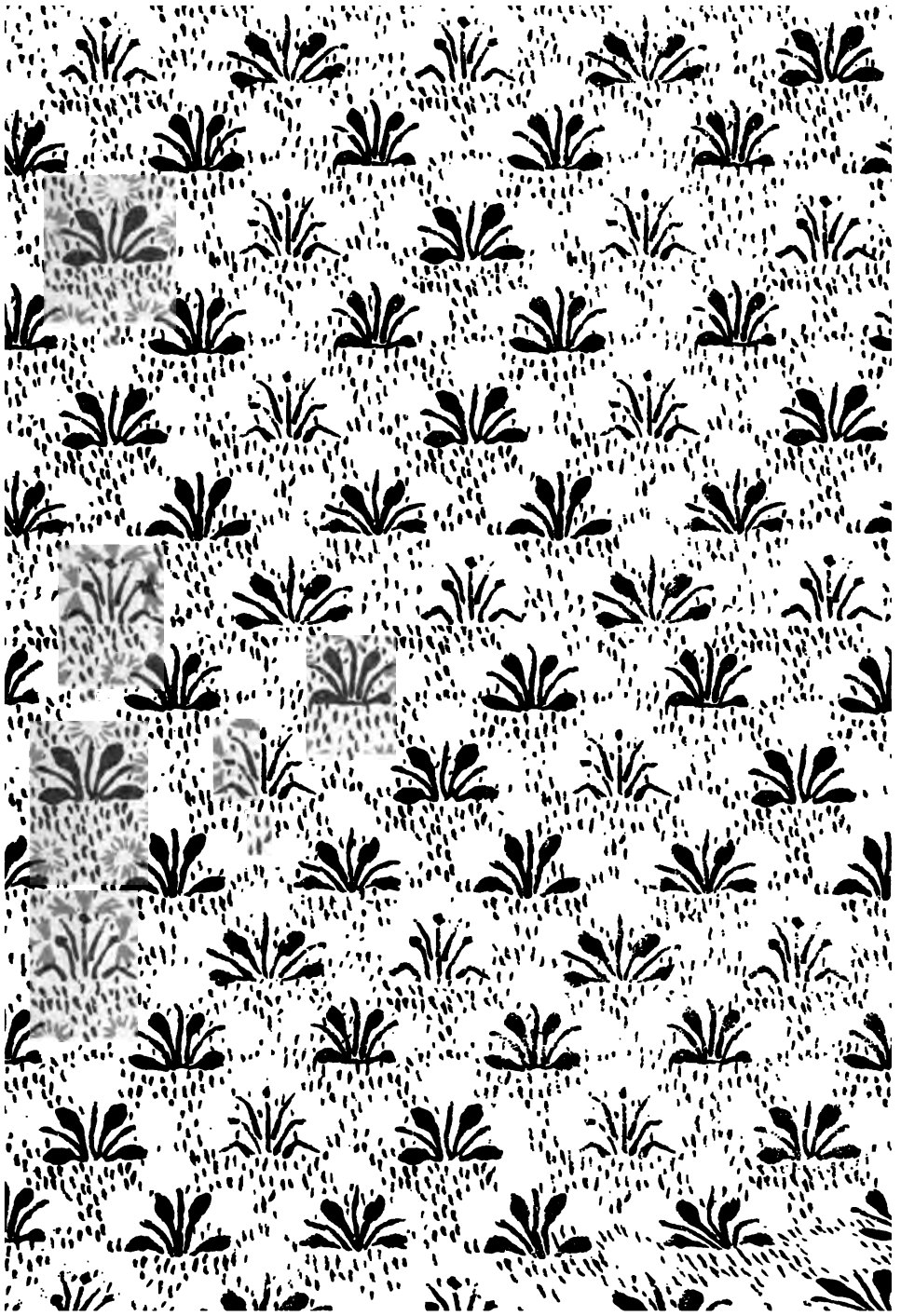
Garden
Margaret Deland

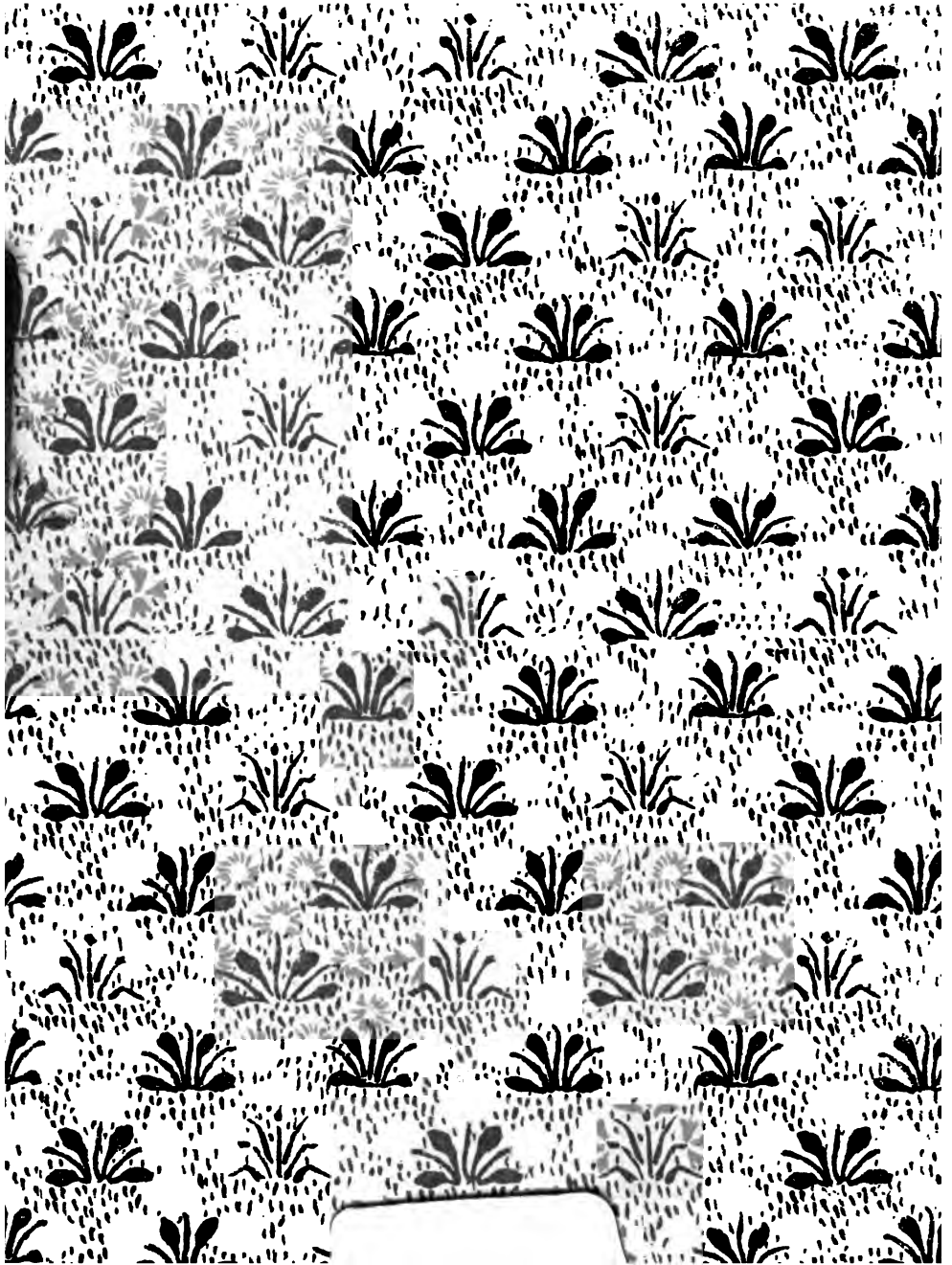


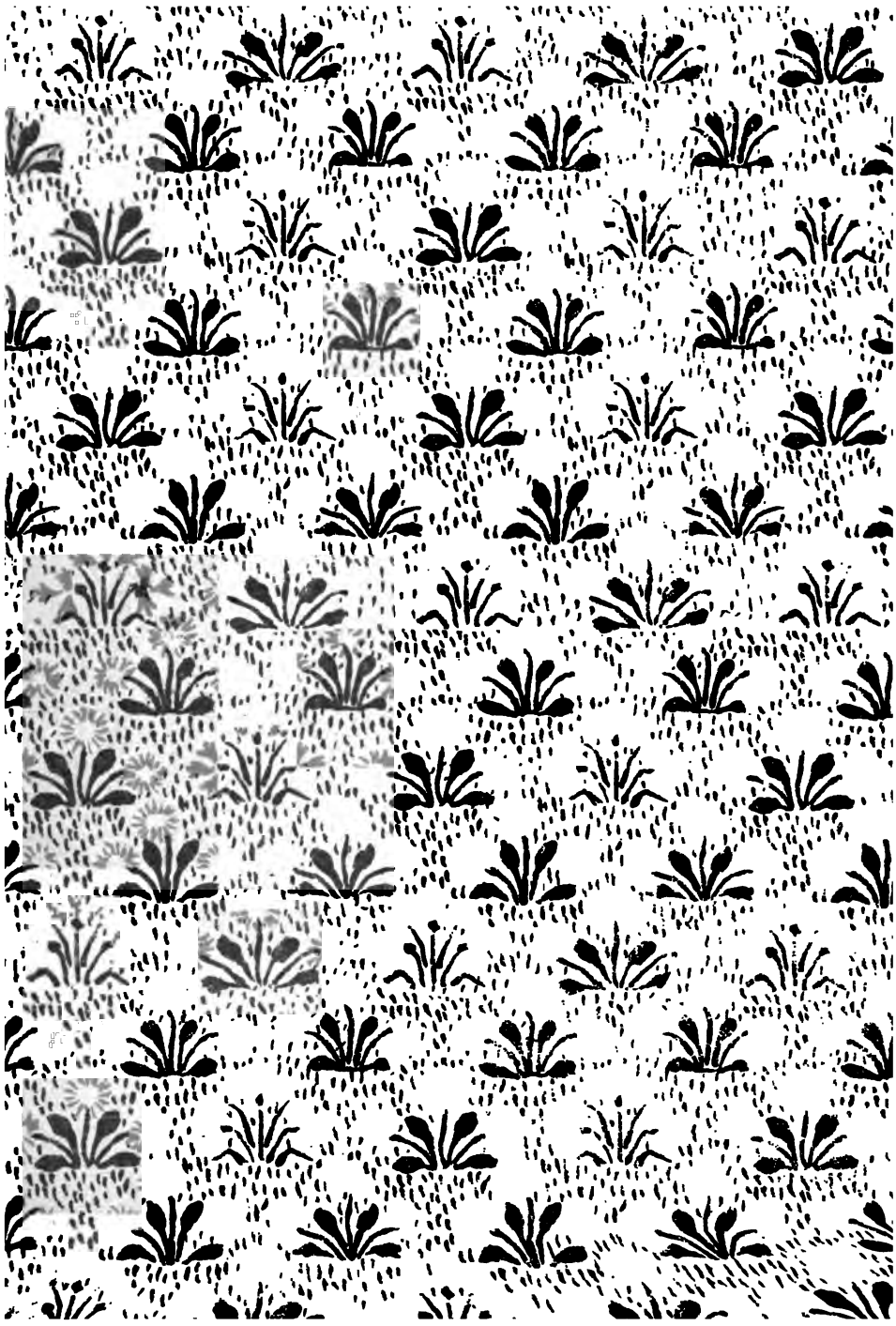
Walter Crane











1. Poetry, American

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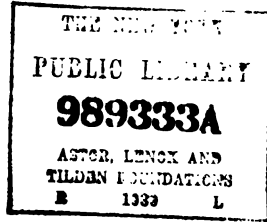


The Old Garden
and other verses by
Margaret Deland:
Decorated by
Walter Crane



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MRE



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WOR 19 FEB '36





To Lucy Derby.

Sweet, every rhyme here writ
Is yours, not mine ;
Your heart did dictate it,
Mine wrote the line !
So, then, to you, whose wit
Did make each song,
My heart and book, 't is fit
Should both belong !

Boston, August, 1886.



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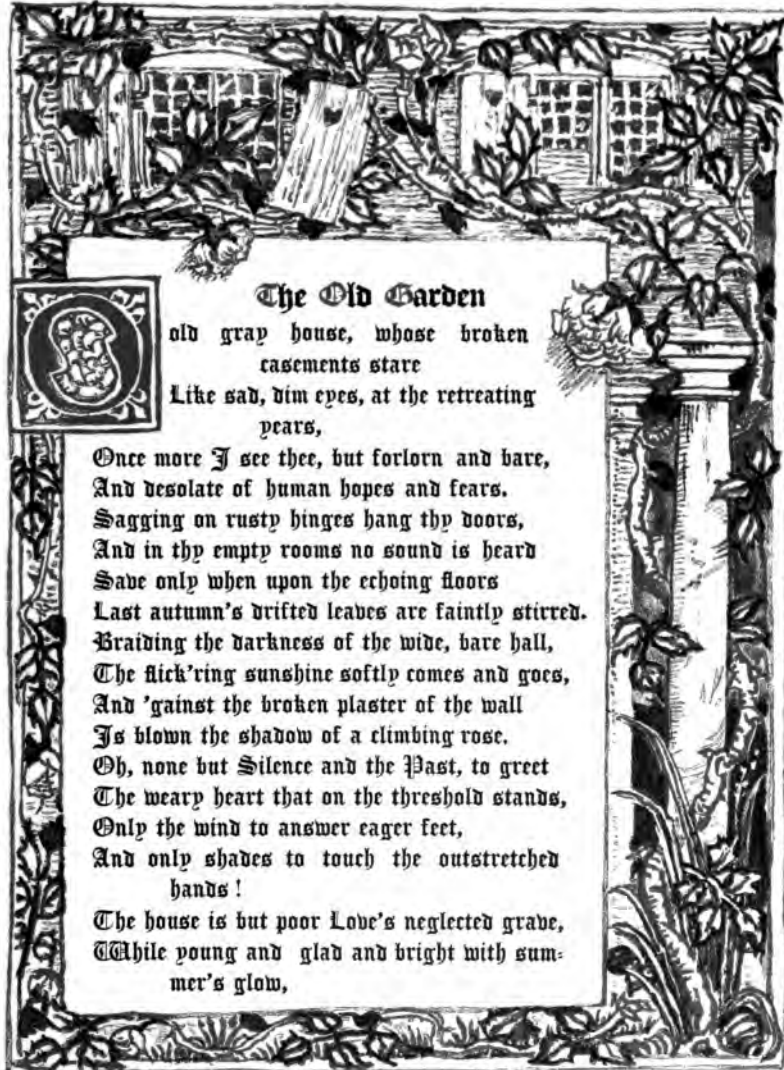
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The Old Garden

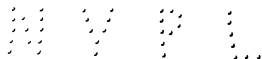


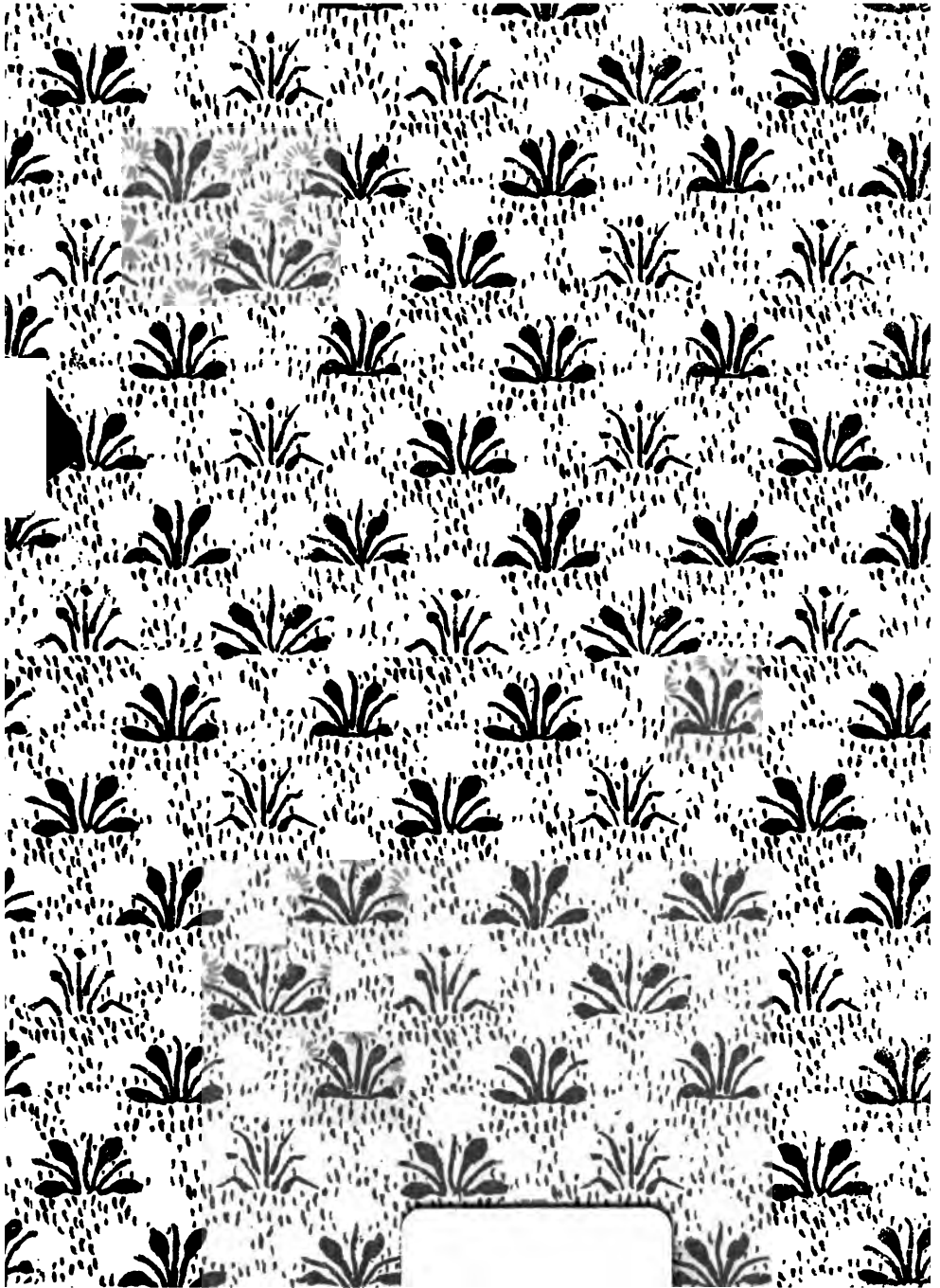
The Old Garden

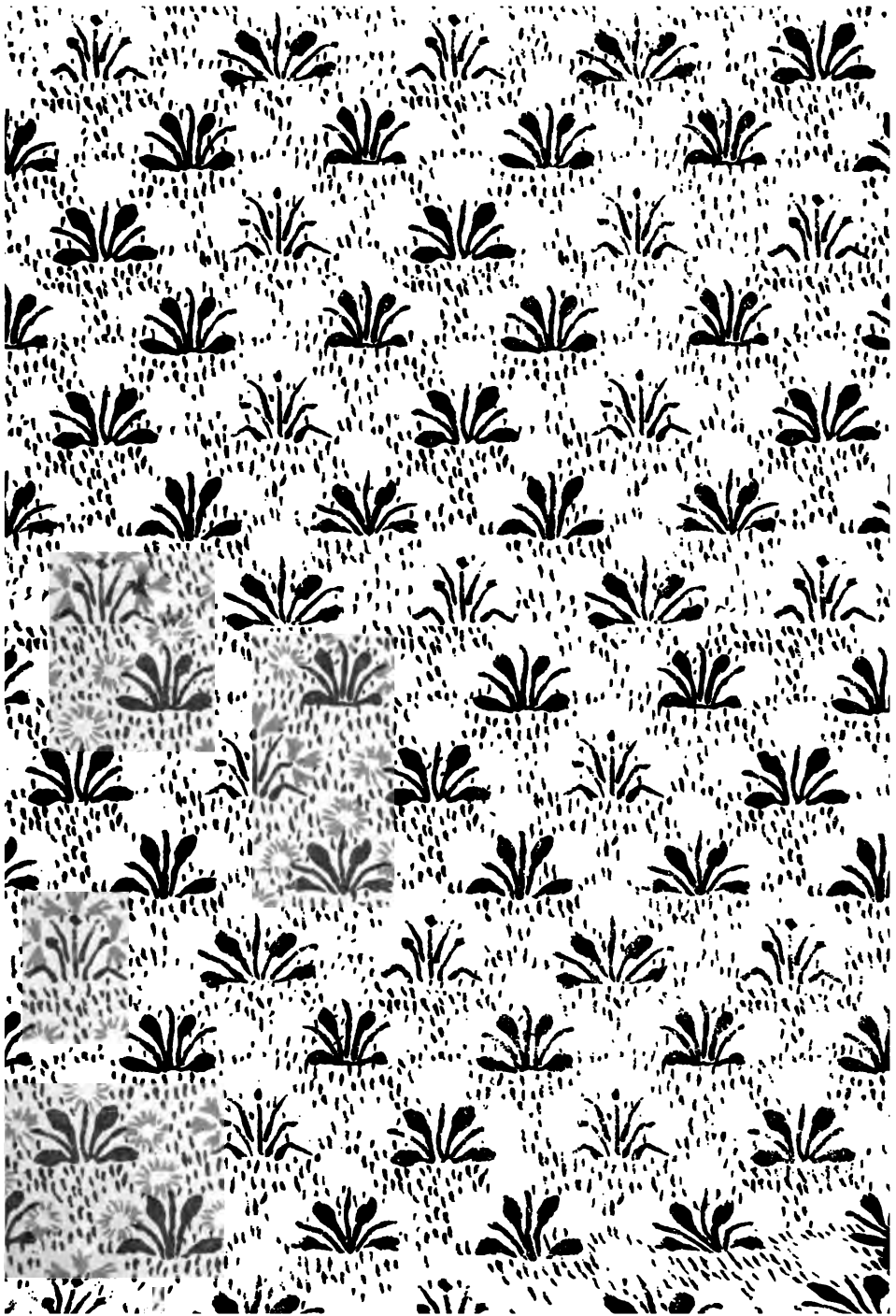
Sold gray house, whose broken casements stare
Like sad, dim eyes, at the retreating years,

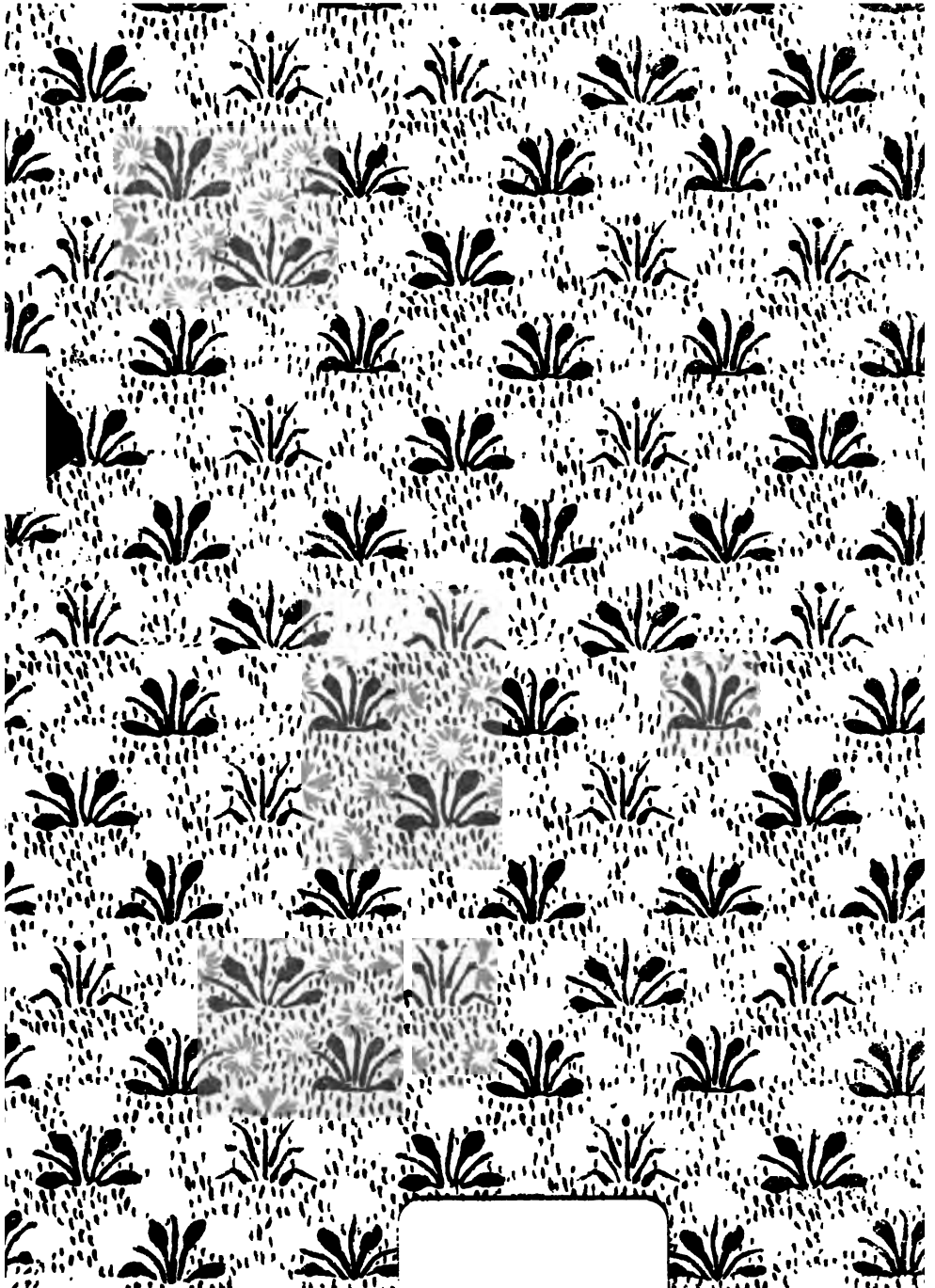
Once more I see thee, but forlorn and bare,
And desolate of human hopes and fears.
Sagging on rusty hinges hang thy doors,
And in thy empty rooms no sound is heard
Save only when upon the echoing floors
Last autumn's drifted leaves are faintly stirred.
Braiding the darkness of the wide, bare hall,
The sick'ring sunshine softly comes and goes,
And 'gainst the broken plaster of the wall
Is blown the shadow of a climbing rose.
Oh, none but Silence and the Past, to greet
The weary heart that on the threshold stands,
Only the wind to answer eager feet,
And only shades to touch the outstretched
hands!

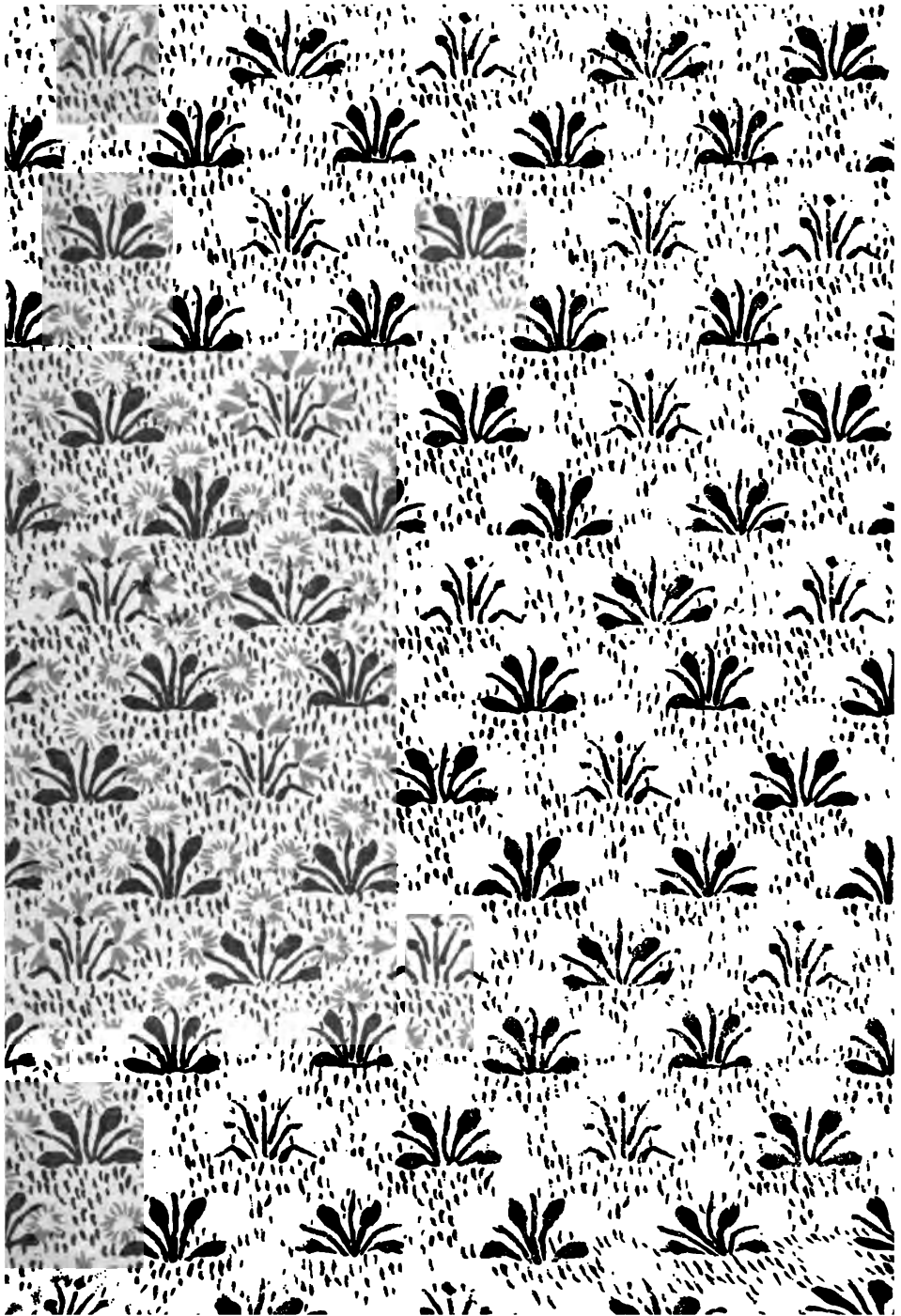
The house is but poor Love's neglected grave,
While young and glad and bright with summer's glow,



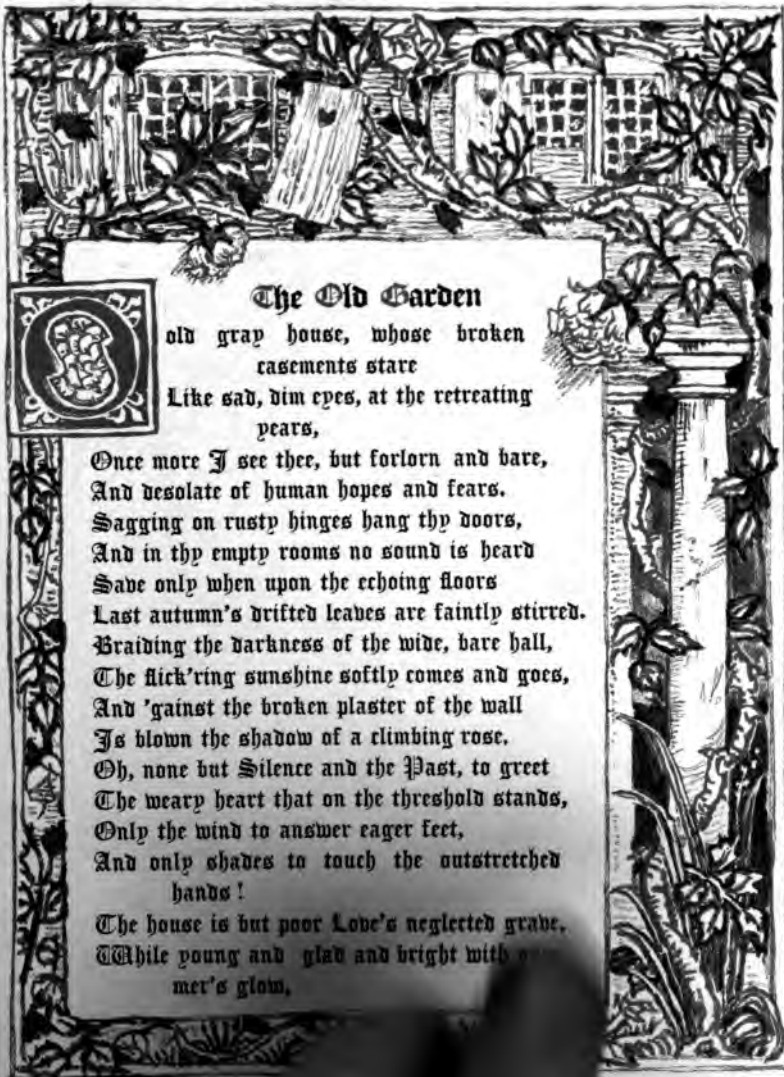












The Old Garden

Sold gray house, whose broken casements stare
Like sad, dim eyes, at the retreating years,

Once more I see thee, but forlorn and bare,
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The weary heart that on the threshold stands,
Only the wind to answer eager feet,
And only shades to touch the outstretched hands!

The house is but poor Love's neglected grave,
While young and glad and bright with summer's glow,

Like strange sweet spray upon Time's beating
wade,
Against its grief the happy flowers grow.

Closed on three sides by crumbling walls of
brick,
All spotted by slow-creeping lichen stains,
And nearly hid by ivy, matted thick,
And dim with clinging mists of years of rains,
The Garden lies.

Peaceful as upland farm
That from all noise and tumult stands apart,
Yet round it is the street, a restless arm
That clasps the country to the city's heart ;
All day, outside the mildewed walls does beat
The roar of traffic and the factory's din,
The endless tramp of tired, busy feet,
Or roll of funeral car, or laugh of sin. —
Only the wall between this rush of life
And the deep quiet of this Garden old,
But yet as separate as peace and strife,
Or June's sweet sunshine from December's
cold.

When all outside is dazed by summer rains,
Whose dash and rush will bend the stateliest
rose,
And blur the street with dull and tearful
stains,
The freshened Garden but the brighter glows ;

The swaying flowers lift their sweet, wet eyes,
And burst of perfume fills the shining air,
The drenched and dreary street feels vague
surprise

At the strange fragrance overflowing there.
It is as though some wind of memory blew
Across the fields where earth was freshly
ploughed,

Or o'er pastures dim with early dew,
Or down from hilltops hid in wreaths of cloud.
Again the drifting shadows wheel and pass
Across the roof of some far cottage home
Set where the waves of golden meadow-grass
Break with white ripples into daisy foam.
O long dead Past! O pang of strange regret —
O crimson roses bending in the rain —
Alas for hearts that may not e'en forget,
And yet would not go back to thee again!

Inside the walls, the tall ailanthus' shade
Is tangled in the meshes of the grass,
Or flecks the path, whose mossy flags were laid
For childish feet, long since grown old, to pass;
Between the stones, the scarlet pimpernel
Finds room to spread its thread-like roots and
grow;

And all self-sown, the portulaca's bell
Lights up the ground with tender, rosy glow.
The walks are hedged with dusky green of box,
That once enclosed long borders, trim and neat;

Within them stood great clumps of snowy
phlox,
That shone at dusk, and grew more deeply
sweet.

But now the phlox wild morning-glories seek,
Whose silky blossoms rove the Garden through,
And press pure faces 'gainst the thistle's cheek,
Or star-like gleam amid the grass and dew —
A thousand pushing weeds the borders hold,
And standing with them, wild and rank as they,
Are tender blossoms, now grown over-bold,
And careless of the Garden's slow decay.

Oh, far away, in some serenest air,
The eyes that loved them see a heavenly
dawn :

How can they bloom without her tender care ?
Why should they live, when her sweet life is
gone ?

Still from the far-off pastures comes the bee,
And swings all day inside the hollyhock,
Or steals her honey from the winged sweet-
pea,

Or the striped glory of the four-o'clock ;
The pale sweet-william, ringed with pink and
white,

Grows yet within the damp shade of the wall ;
And there the primrose stands, that as the
night

Begins to gather, and the dews to fall,

Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,
That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold
glow,
And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,
And gives largess to any winds that blow.

Here, in warm darkness of a night in June,
While rhythmic pulses of the factory's flame
Lighted with sudden flare of red the gloom,
And deepened long black shadows, children
came
To watch the primrose blow!

Silent they stood,
Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush
around,
And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
And blossom — with a silken burst of sound!

Once more I listen for the trembling chime
From purple-throated Canterbury bell;
For surely, in that far-off golden time,
Strange fragrant music from it softly fell.
Beneath the lilacs, on whose heart-shaped leaves
The dust has settled and white stains of mould,
The money-vine with clinging myrtle weaves
A thick dark carpet, starred with blue and gold.
A wedge of vivid blue the larkspur shines
From out the thorny heart of the sweetbrier,
And at its side are velvet brandy-wines,
Shadowed by honeysuckles' fringe of fire.

On the long grass, where still the drops of dew
Are threaded like a necklace for the dawn,
The flaming poppies their soft petals strew,
Then stand and shiver, all their brav'ry gone.
Each crumpled, crêpe-like leaf is soft as silk ;
Long, long ago the children saw them there,
Scarlet and rose, with fringes white as milk,
And called them "shawls for fairies' dainty
wear !"

They were not finer, those laid safe away
In that low attic, 'neath the brown, warm eaves,
Where yellow sunshine on the rafters lay,
Or danced with shadows of the outside leaves —
The scent of cedarn chest in each soft fold,
And ling'ring sweetness of dried lavender,
Or pale pressed rose-leaves.

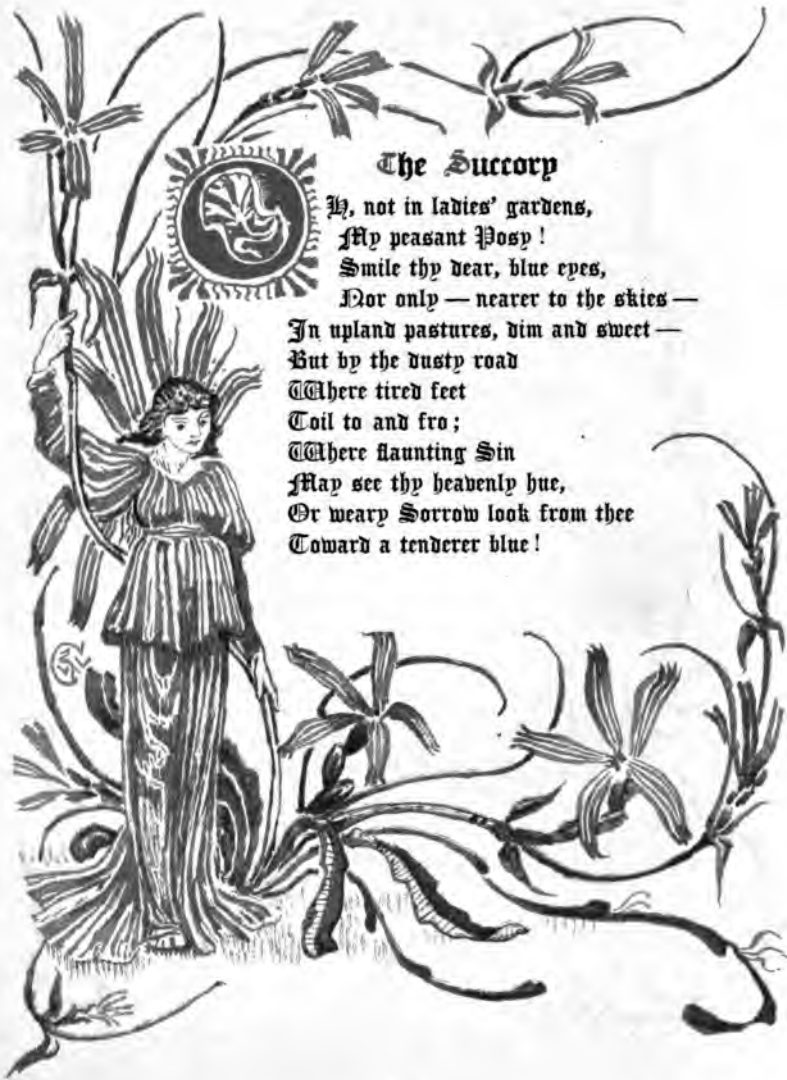
Still the grapevines hold

The leaning arbor, where the leaves scarce stir,
In cool green darkness that shuts out the sky ;
For, if a sunbeam wandered there, 't was lost,
Or flitted like a golden butterfly
Across the ceiling that the fruit embossed.
'Neath it the path was worn and mossy green,
And here, on long, still, Sunday afternoons,
The Garden hidden by the leafy screen,
A child would walk, crooning to low, strange
tunes,
Her catechism, or the evening hymn ;
But ever gazing with a wistful eye,

From out the quiet of the arbor dim,
At the bright Garden, Sunday did deny.
The house is empty of the old, sweet life ;
The outside world long since has claimed the
child,

And gone forever from its bitter strife
The gentle face that always on her smiled.
Yet, though untended, still the Garden glows,
And 'gainst its walls the city's heart still beats,
And out from it each summer wind that blows
Carries some sweetness to the tired streets !






The Succory

Not in ladies' gardens,
My peasant Posy!
Smile thy dear, blue eyes,
Nor only — nearer to the skies —

In upland pastures, dim and sweet —
But by the dusty road
Where tired feet
Coil to and fro;
Where flaunting Sin
May see thy heavenly hue,
Or weary Sorrow look from thee
Toward a tenderer blue!



“ Butter and Eggs ”

I

N orange cap and yellow skirt
She stands — this arrant farmer
firt!

She knows the thoughts he dare
not utter,

The while he buys her eggs and butter.

He knows his fate!

And yet this silly lover begs,

“ Oh, will you sell

A kiss, as well

As butter and eggs ? ”



135






The Pansy

Dainty Pansy! hooded all in blue,
With chastely folding cloak of green,
A maid whom Eros never knew,
Nor Love has seen!

I yet must fancy, scarce dreamt by thee,
That 'neath thy most discreetest thought
There lurks a will which may be taught,
By Love — and me!



The Myrtle

M. W. C.

Its clinging, mournful leaves, I said,
Seem made to thatch a grave,
Around the roots of cypress-trees,
Too deep in gloom for sun or breeze,
It lives to mourn the dead.

But when I kissed her name, I saw,
Above the dear, dead maid,
A starry flower of tender blue,
A bit of heaven, shining through
The leaves upon her grave!



The Morning-Glory

maid!

I pray thee light,
Both noon and night;
The envious dawn
Thou lookest on
Is too soon gone;
Then stay
The day,
I pray!



The Sweet Pea



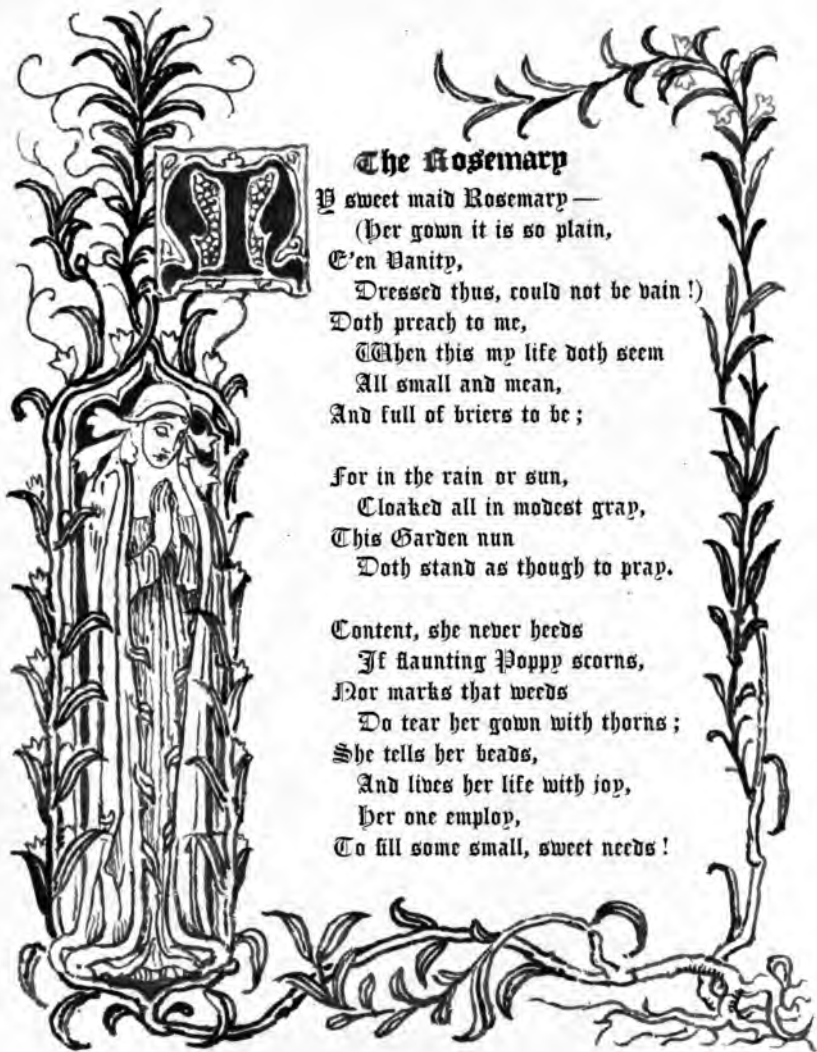
My restlessly
 The gay Sweet-pea
 Nods on her slender stem ;

For far up in the sunny skies
 She sees the sailing butterflies,
 And longs to go to them.

For why should they
 Be first to say,
 "O love thee, pretty maid" —
 Why for their coming must she wait,
 Nor speak of love till they dictate,
 Though Time her wings should fade ?

She wonders why
 She must not fly,
 Her warm heart's love to say —
 Her pink and white and scarlet wings
 Were surely made for better things
 Than thus at home to stay !





The Rosemary

M sweet maid Rosemary—
(Her gown it is so plain,
E'en Vanity,
Dressed thus, could not be vain!)
Doth preach to me,
When this my life doth seem
All small and mean,
And full of briers to be ;

For in the rain or sun,
Cloaked all in modest gray,
This Garden nun
Doth stand as though to pray.

Content, she never heeds
If flaunting Poppy scorns,
Nor marks that weeds
Do tear her gown with thorns ;
She tells her beads,
And lives her life with joy,
Her one employ,
To fill some small, sweet needs !

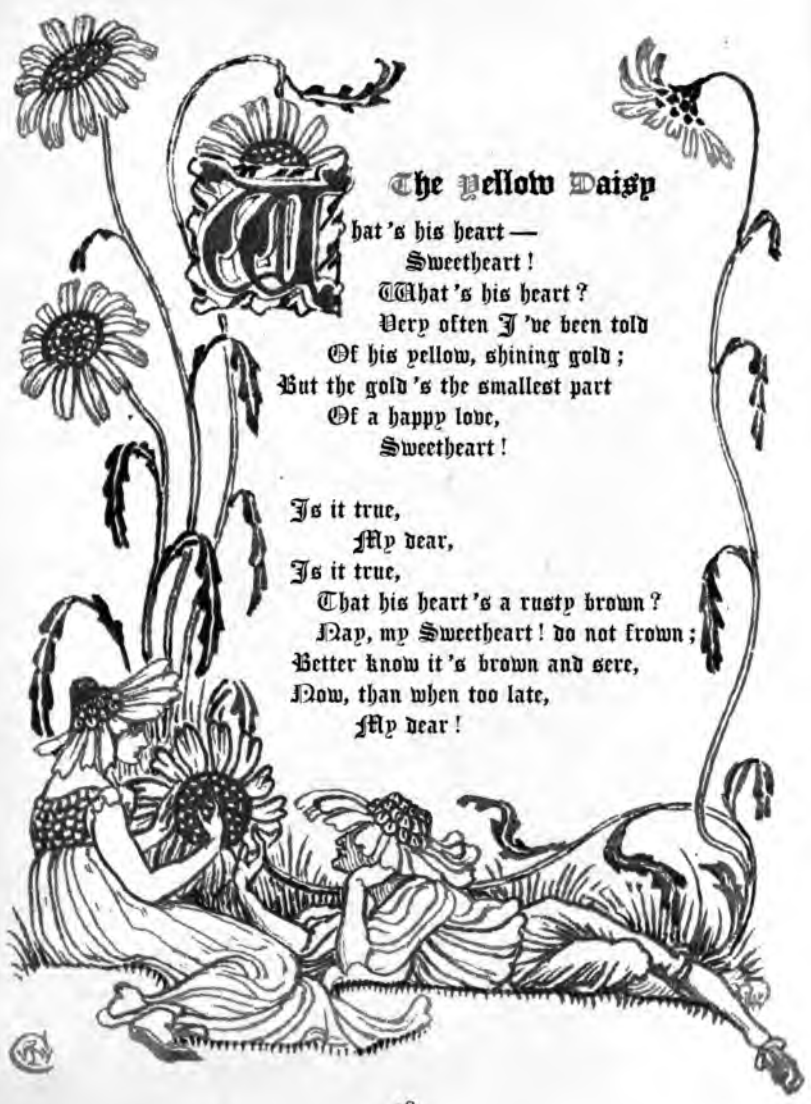


The Clover

ruddy Lover —
O brave red Clover!
Didst think to win her
Thou dost adore?
She will not love thee,
She looks above thee,
The Daisy's gold doth move her more.
If gold can win her,
Then Love's not in her;
So leave the Sinner,
And sigh no more!



.



The Yellow Daisy

What's his heart —
Sweetheart!
What's his heart?
Very often I've been told
Of his yellow, shining gold;
But the gold's the smallest part
Of a happy love,
Sweetheart!

Is it true,
My dear,
Is it true,
That his heart's a rusty brown?
Nay, my Sweetheart! do not frown;
Better know it's brown and sore,
Now, than when too late,
My dear!

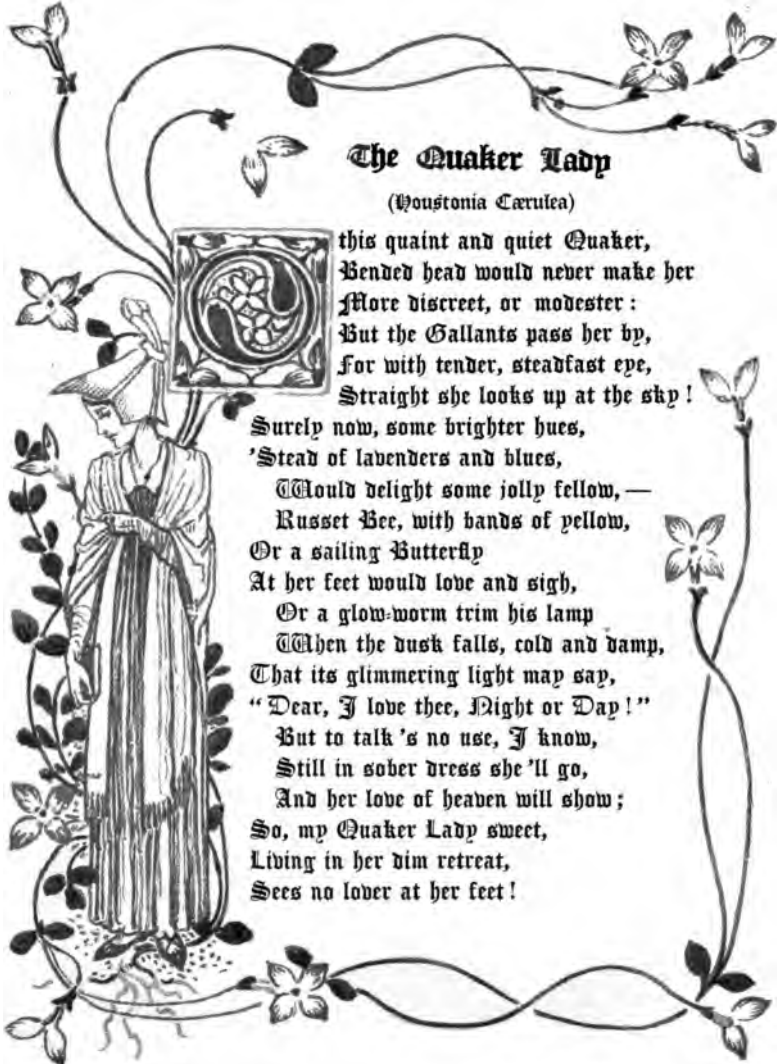


The Bluebell

In love she fell,
My shy Bluebell,
With a strolling Bumble-Bee ;
He whispered low,
"I love you so !
Sweet, give your heart to me —

"I love but you,
And I'll be true,
O give me your heart, I pray !"
She bent her head, —
"I will !" she said,
When, lo ! he flew away.





The Quaker Lady

(Houstonia Carulea)

This quaint and quiet Quaker,
Bended head would never make her
More discreet, or modester :
But the Gallants pass her by,
For with tender, steadfast eye,
Straight she looks up at the sky !

Surely now, some brighter hues,
'Stead of lavenders and blues,
Would delight some jolly fellow, —
Russet Bee, with bands of yellow,
Or a sailing Butterfly
At her feet would love and sigh,
Or a glow-worm trim his lamp
When the dusk falls, cold and damp,
That its glimmering light may say,
“Dear, I love thee, Night or Day !”
But to talk 's no use, I know,
Still in sober dress she 'll go,
And her love of heaven will show ;
So, my Quaker Lady sweet,
Living in her dim retreat,
Sees no lover at her feet !

The Mignonette

Fdame of high degree
Is she,
The gentle Mignonette —
And at her side,
In honest pride,
Stands my sweet Bouncing Bet.

Her kerchief folded neat,
And sweet,
Her bodice rosy-red ;
My heart she holds
In its soft folds,
And yet — we do not wed !

For once I raised mine eye
Too high —
I loved fair Mignonette !
She never knew,
She thought me true
To humble Bouncing Bet.

Sweet hopeless Love, if wise,
Soon dies,



And, "Here 's a maid," I said ;
"She 's lowly fair,
And waits, — I swear," —
And yet — I do not wed !









Affaire d'Amour

For E. W. W.



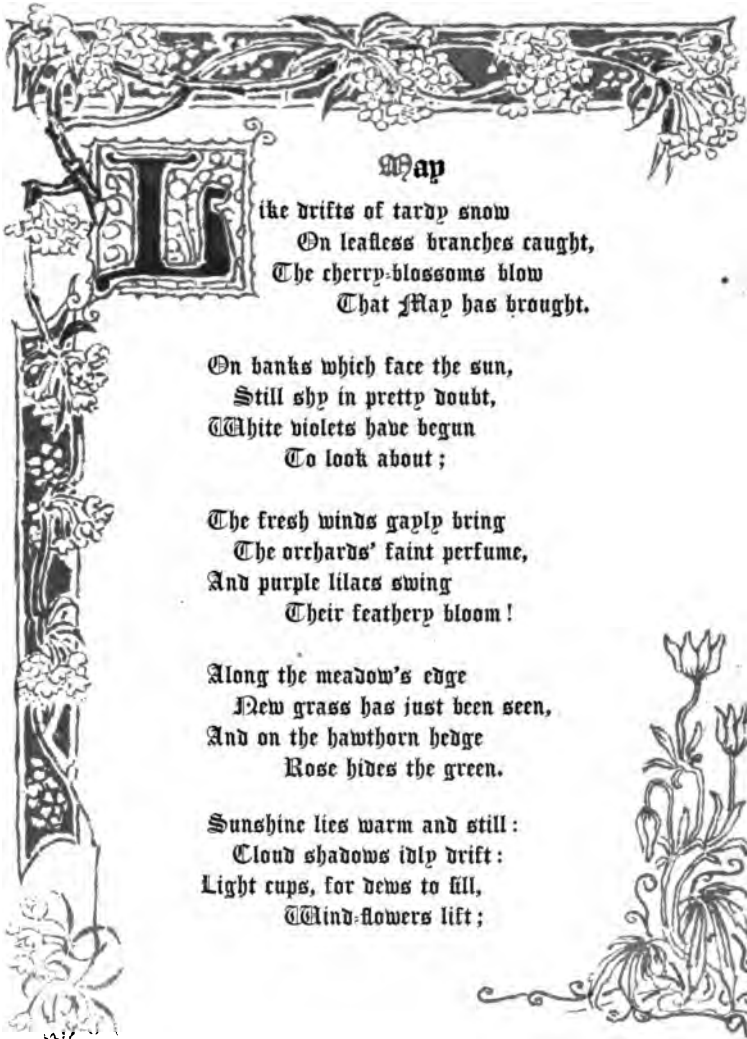
On the pale November day,
Flying Summer paused,
They say:
And growing bolder,
O'er rosy shoulder
Threw to her Lover such a glance,
That Autumn's heart began to dance.
(O happy Lover!)

A leafless Peach-tree bold
Thought for him she smiled,
I'm told;
And, stirred by love,
His sleeping sap did move,
Decking each naked branch with green
To show her that her look was seen!
(Alas! poor Lover!)

But Summer, laughing, fled,
Nor knew he loved her!

'T is said
The Peach-tree sighed,
And soon he gladly died :
And Autumn, weary of the chase,
Came on at Winter's sober pace.
(O careless Lover !)





May

L

ike drifts of tardy snow
On leafless branches caught,
The cherry-blossoms blow
That May has brought.

On banks which face the sun,
Still shy in pretty doubt,
White violets have begun
To look about ;

The fresh winds gayly bring
The orchards' faint perfume,
And purple lilacs swing
Their feathery bloom !

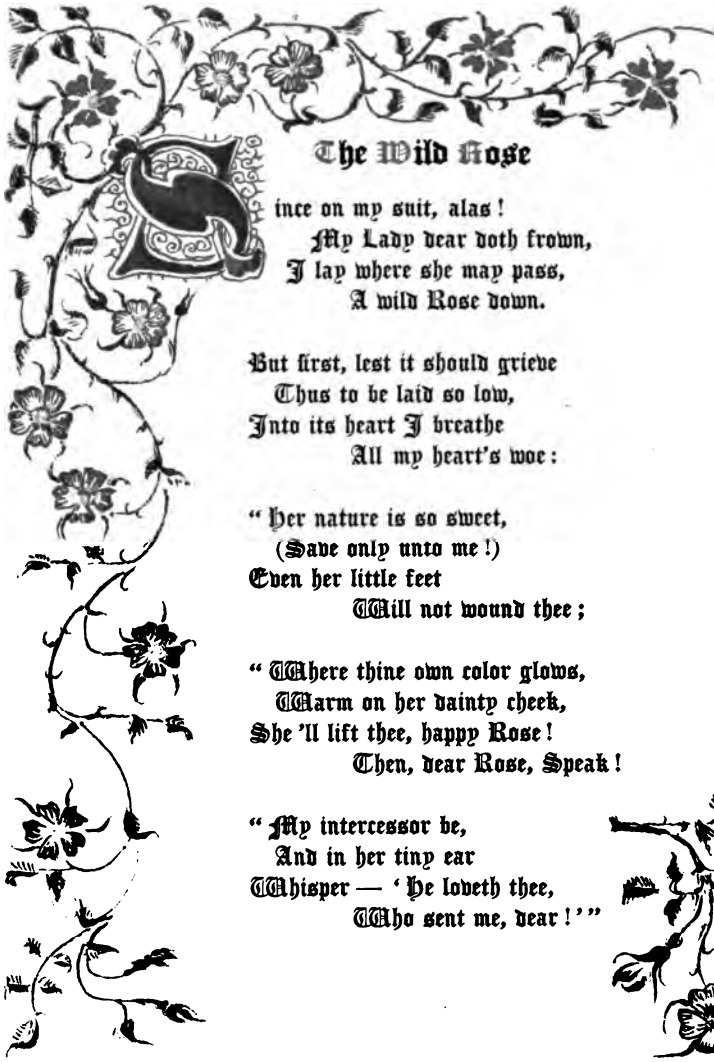
Along the meadow's edge
New grass has just been seen,
And on the hawthorn hedge
Rose hides the green.

Sunshine lies warm and still :
Cloud shadows idly drift :
Light cups, for dews to fill,
Wind-flowers lift ;



Oh, sweet, fresh world, and young!
A bluebird flashes by,
And singing joy is flung
Through all the sky!





The Wild Rose

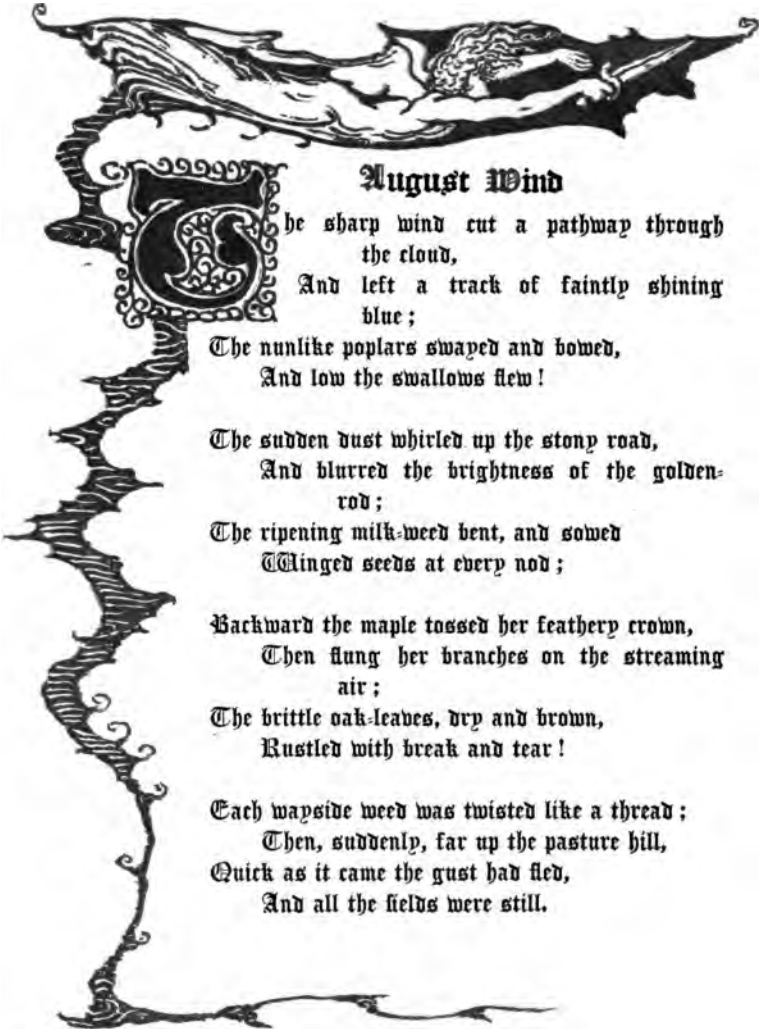
Since on my suit, alas!
My Lady dear doth frown,
I lay where she may pass,
A wild Rose down.

But first, lest it should grieve
Thus to be laid so low,
Into its heart I breathe
All my heart's woe:

"Her nature is so sweet,
(Save only unto me!)
Even her little feet
Will not wound thee;

"Where thine own color glows,
Warm on her dainty cheek,
She'll lift thee, happy Rose!
Then, dear Rose, Speak!

"My intercessor be,
And in her tiny ear
Whisper — 'He loveth thee,
Who sent me, dear!'"



August Wind

The sharp wind cut a pathway through
the cloud,
And left a track of faintly shining
blue ;

The nunlike poplars swayed and bowed,
And low the swallows flew !

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,
And blurred the brightness of the golden-
rod ;

The ripening milk-weed bent, and sowed
Clinging seeds at every nod ;

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,
Then flung her branches on the streaming
air ;

The brittle oak-leaves, dry and brown,
Rustled with break and tear !

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread ;
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,
Quick as it came the gust had fled,
And all the fields were still.



Sunrise on Crag Mountain

A

faintly shimmering pearl is set
Upon the dusky breast of Night,
And gleams with cold translucent light
Behind the hills in darkness yet.

The mountains lift bare brows to greet
The silent coming of the day,
But Night is yet content to stay
Where shadows fold about their feet.

Fading, the morning star has gone
Back, back into the far, still sky;
Gray mists in all the valleys lie;
The darkness blossoms into dawn.

Slowly a pale, clear yellow grows
Around the waiting world's black rim;
And stretching dusk at first, and dim,
Small, rippling clouds are flushed with rose.

No sound except the rustling grass:
The crystal air is soft and sweet:
The morning winds on unseen feet
Over the hilltops lightly pass.

Day, for though other eyes
Note not where low she lies,
She can't escape her Lover's!

He'll search the damp woods through
To find the tender blue
Of her eyes, shyly smiling,
Nor heed the wet and cold,
Where dead leaves drift and fold,
Her look is so beguiling!





The Golden-Rod

rod of gold !
O swaying sceptre of the year —
Now frost and cold
Show Winter near,
And shivering leaves grow brown and sere.
The bleak hillside,
And marshy waste of yellow reeds,
And meadows wide
Where frosted weeds
Shake on the damp wind light-winged seeds,
Are decked with thee, —
The lingering Summer's latest grace,
And sovereignty.
Each wind-swept space
Gaves thy red gold in Winter's face —
He strides each star,
In stormy pride to lay full low ;
But when thy bar
Resists his blow,
Will crown thee with a puff of snow !



Summer

A Fragment

High on the crest of the blossoming
grasses,
Bending and swaying with face toward
the sky,

Stirred by the lightest west wind as it passes,
Hosts of the silver-white daisy-stars lie!

I, looking up through the mists of the flowers,
I, lying low on the earth thrilled with June,
Give not a thought to the vanishing hours,
Save that they melt into twilight too soon!

Blossoms of peaches float down for my cover, —
Snow-flakes that blushed to be kissed by the
sun, —

Blossoms of apples drift over and over, —
White they with grief that their short day is
done!

Buttercup's lanterns are lighted about me,
Burly red clover's warm cheek presses mine;
Powdery Bee never once seems to doubt me,
Tipping each chalice for Summer's new wine!

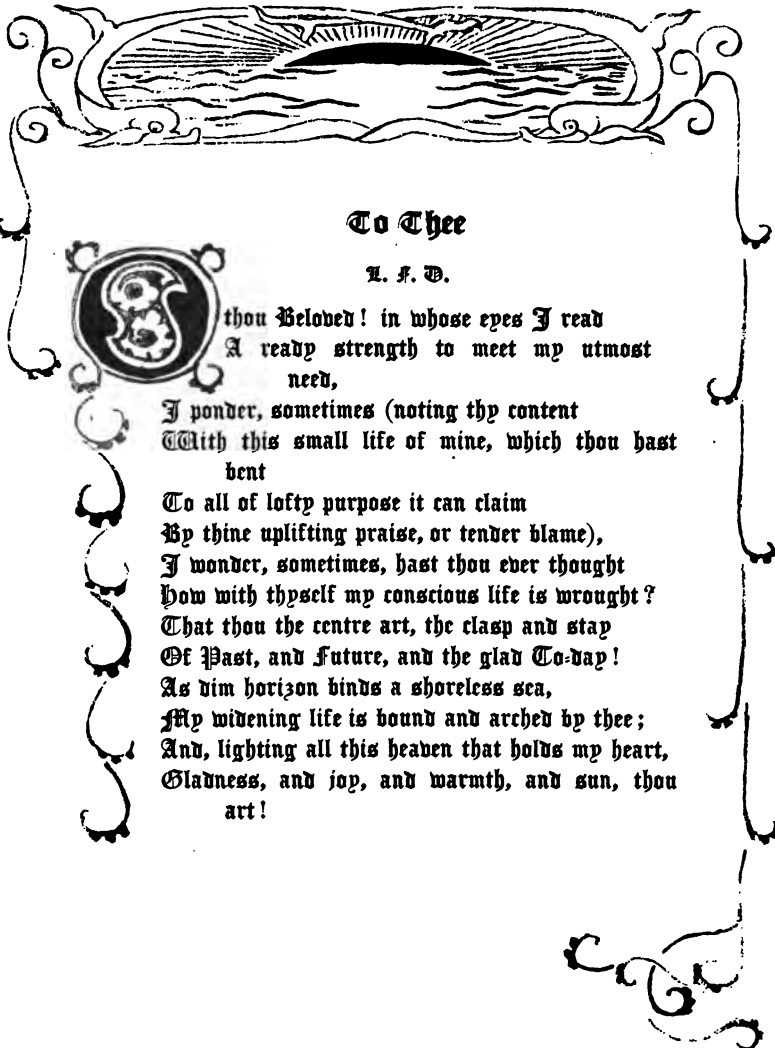
Tiny white butterflies ("Brides" children name them)

**Flicker and glimmer, and turn in their flight;
Surely the sunshine suffices to tame them,
Close to my hand they will swing and alight!**

**Small timid breezes, than butterflies shyer,
Just for a moment soft buffet my face,
Then fly away to the tree-tops and higher,
Shaking down shadows o'er every bright space.**







To Thee


R. F. D.



thou Beloved! in whose eyes I read
A ready strength to meet my utmost
need,

I ponder, sometimes (noting thy content
With this small life of mine, which thou hast
bent

To all of lofty purpose it can claim
By thine uplifting praise, or tender blame),
I wonder, sometimes, hast thou ever thought
How with thyself my conscious life is wrought?
That thou the centre art, the clasp and stay
Of Past, and Future, and the glad To-day!
As dim horizon binds a shoreless sea,
My widening life is bound and arched by thee;
And, lighting all this heaven that holds my heart,
Gladness, and joy, and warmth, and sun, thou
art!



On being Asked by Phyllis for
a Picture of Love



Gray are Love's gentle eyes,
And in them stay
Sweet thoughts, and wise :
This sure no one denies,
For Phyllis' eyes are gray.

Red is Love's mouth, as though
On roses fed :
This do I know,
Since Phyllis' lips do show
A like sweet damask-red.

Brown is Love's hair, and bright,
And soft as down,
And curling light
Around a forehead white,
And Phyllis' hair is brown.

Sweet is true Love, but shy
As a young dove
Just taught to fly —
All this right well know I,
For Phyllis is my Love !



The Death of Love

Once my friend, and dear! I gaze at
you
Through mists of smarting tears,
For the relentless years
Stand with averted eyes between us two.

Useless for me to clasp your hand in mine,
Groping through doubt and pain
To find our Love again,
Our dear, dead Love, which died and made no
sign.

Alas! that Love should die,
All, all unknown,
Unhoned by a sigh,
And all alone.

Poor Love! once ruddy strong,
None, none so true,
To you did Life belong,
And we to you.

Let no weak words be said,
Sure, sure 't is vain!
They cannot bring the dead
Whom we have slain.



Is It?

Is Love eternal?
Nay! I do not know—
Is that eternal, dear,
Which makes Love so?

True love is born of trust,
Of full belief,
But trust ends, sometimes,
In a deeper grief.
An honest pride
In all its loved may do,
Is part of Love,
But sometimes strange and new,
An action or a word!
Then for its life,
True Love will seek to find
A tender sweetness
In the loved one's mind—
How then, if, 'stead of that
Which is its life,
Love sees with Time,
Strange bitterness and strife?
Patience holds Love:
A patience that can wait
E'en for the blossoming aloe

Of its fate —
Which bears a passing shadow
In Love's eyes,
Nay, if they turn from it,
Knows no surprise,
Owning its own unworth!
Then, if Love's heart
Beats only while it trusts,
And finds it part
In tenderness,
And glows with pride,
And sees sweet patience
Ever at its side —
Then Love will only last
As long as they —
“Is love eternal?”
That 's for you to say!



